### A Tale of Two Tramps.

The snow that lined the sides of what the railroad men of that section called the Brighton Cut" was, fortunately for two persons who suddenly found themselves ransported from the cold hospitality of a freight car to the colder embraces of the wide, white world that encompassed the track, very deep. After a moment or two of partial insensibility, more the result of bewilderment than of actual physical hurt, these two lifted their heads up out of the white counterpane that clung to them like some active envelope, and looked after the train that was now merely a mist of smoke and an echo faint beyond the curves of the

"H'm," said the first one of the two derelicts to rise and shake the snow off his thin form, "that was a fearful breach of hospitality. We invest a common carrier, so termed in law, with the dignity of carrying such uncommor personages as ourselves, and this-this is the treatment we receive! Billy, this is a heathen country!" He took off his cap and passed eight long and bony fingers through his snowinvested hair.

"Damn his eyes!" said Billy. He was a person of few words, and fewer attractions. He was short, and his general effect was toward the loutish.

"Yes," the other replied, looking about him, "I have no doubt you are right. Billy, your explanation is a most agreeable one. It was owing to some curious defect in that brakeman's eyes, doubtless, that he failed to notice our high estate; if any part of him is to suffer condemnation, it is his eyes. Billy,

to suffer condemnation, it is his eyes. Billy, I agree with you; say it again!"
Billy, for a brief minute, looked as if he would like to include other and nearer eyes in his anathema. He contented himself, however, with a mutered "Argh!" a circular look at the prospect of slopping meadow land, and a "What next, cully?"
"Stranded as we are upon an apparently shoreless sea of snow," responded the gentleman addressed as "Cully," "our next move should be toward shelter." He paused to kick some snow out of a boot that was, as to the toes, over hospitable to the elements. "This is a dismal spot!"

To tell the truth, the "Brighton Cut" is one of the bleakest places in the state.

of the bleakest places in the state. The rail-way track comes winding down a steep grade until it reaches this cut; the soil thereabouts is not tillable, and there are no fences for over half a mile. A thin strip of forest shuts out the (western view. On a gray afternoon in the (western view, On a gray afternoon it midwinter it looks very lonely, and there is something in the silence of it, after the rattle of a freight train has echoed away, that of a freight train has echoed away, that strikes a chill even when the sun is shining. It was no wonder, then, that to these two, just stranded there from the comparatively warm recesses of a lumber car, the place should seem decidedly dismai. They were used to dismal things, to be sure; but that used to dismat things, to be sure, but that ever-present yearning for luxury and its attendant inexertion—a yearning that had made them what they were—robelled at every repetition of the unwelcome resulty. It is not necessary to state very particularly who these two were. The one with the tail frame these two were. The one with the tail frame and the tailer language might have been a great many things, some of them great. The fact that he was none of these is explanation emough of his title as a tramp. As for the other one, it is doubtful whether he had ever had even possibilities. He was, by lapse of all other capabilities, a tramp for sure. Just as it is sufficient of a man to say that he is a king, so it is enough introduction to make certain that he is a tramp. These two were indubitably tramps. It was evident in the consummate grace with which they wore their curiously allotted clothes. It was patent in the air of nobility that stamped them as ent in the air of nobility that stamped them as true lords of the air. It was on their breath,

"I may say, without exaggeration," con-tinued the tailer of the two, "that this is a place unfit for such as we are to rest in, Wherefore, let us reconnoiter."

As they passed up the slope toward the north it began to snow steadily. Overin the west, the faint, gray light of day was dimthe west, the laint, gray light of day was dim-ming to the almost coloriess shade of white upon white. It was an arduous task, stamp-ling through the drifting snow. From time to time one might have heard, had one been within earshot, the voice of Billy, curs-

On what is known in that county as the on what is known in that county as the Brighton Mill road there is, for the most part, a sprinkling of as line farms as there are anywhere in the West. The farm-houses are well-painted, and the barns are roomy and new enough to be the envy of many a man who has gone further toward the plains and who has gone forther toward the plains and rented a log cabin. For a distance of about a mile, cust and west, however, this highway passes through a barren district that is marked by nothing save a tumbledown shanty, with a roof the bricks of which have fallen eastward. This shanty stands at a faiten eastward. This stanty stands at a point where the highway is nearest to that point on the railway known as the "Brighton Cut," on the summit of the arid slope leading down to the rails. For a good many years this shanty had been the home, if one may use the word so lightly, of a certain Doc Miduse the word so lightly, of a seriain Doc Mid-dals, concerning whom but little seemed to be known, save that he was "baching it." Just what presumption of ownership or inter-est in the shanty or its surrounnings went with Middals's system of occupation there seemed to be no one willing to testify. This Doc Middals was a queer fellow, who rarely spent more than a month or two at a time in the shanty, and his goings and comings were so erratic, his place so remote from the view of other habitations, that the question of his presence or alsence was always an open one. The farmers who passed on the highway had long since given up speculating on the sub-ject; Middals frequently denied himself a fire even in midwinter, so not even the absence of smoke about the shattered chimney was proof positive of the man's presence elsewhere. It was in this cottage that Lingo Dan—by this sobriquet was the tailer of the two tramps who had been lately deposited in the "Brighton Cut" by an inhospitable brakeman known in such circles as knew him at all intimately— and his partner Billy were housed about a week after their advent in that part of the

Lingo Dan had fully possessed himself of all the facts in connection with that shanty before he entered it.

Covered by the drifting of the snow, the presence of these two was absolutely un-mown to a soul. In the driving storm that followed their arrival like a wait of omen all their tracks through the snow had been oblit

country. By a marvelous, instinctive faculty of association, of stilling his own curiosity,

Looking out of the eastern window of the Middals shanty Lingo Dan gave a sigh of adicians shanty Lingo Dan gave a sigh of admiration. The sun was making a million diamonds dance about the crust of snow that stretched away over the fields and on the highway; it was like a rollicking cowboy shooting until his victims dance for dear life. Clear as crystal, the air was intensely sensi-tive to tone; a far-off ringing of sieigh-bells sounded with a distinctness that belied dis-tance. Out of the blue of the sky the citter.

tance. Out of the blue of the sky, the glitter of the sun, and the flerce purity of the snow, there arose a splendid dazzlement that blinded unaccustomed eyes.

"It would be pathetic," mused Lingo Dan aloud, after passing his hand over his eyes to shut out the glare that began to hurt him, "if we should find our opportunity. we should find our opportunity on such a day. Look, Billy, what a day it is! H'm, I had not thought this country capable of so magnificent an effect. And, yet, do you know, I think it is going to snow again before

sight."

Billy offered no reply. He was engaged in cleaning out a rifle, and at intervals he concleaning out a rifle, and at intervals he contorted his face into a squint, so that he might guage the nicety of the barrel's internal pol-

When I come to consider the matter, "When I come to consider the matter,
Lingo Dan went on, "I begin to regret my
harsh words anent that brakeman. He was,
as I now see it, an instrument of a benign
providence. Providence is, indeed, sin gularly benign. What could be handler to our

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purpose than this cottage and its associa-tions? Occupied by a harmless hermit, it takes on all the innocuousness possible. Be-nign providence: This man Middals is abnign providence! This man Middals is ab-sent, leaving us his shanty and his shooting-irons. Benign providence! I feel it in my veins, now tingling with the excitation so beautiful a day has put me in, that thore will

veins, now tinging with the excitation as beautiful a day has put me in, that there will presently come some one whose necessity is not so great as ours. In the interests of liberty and equality, we must relieve his person of its valuables ere we release him. I trust he will not resist. I sincerely trust so. But if he does—" He looked at Billy's employment. "Is it clean?"
"Slick as grease," was Billy's answer.
"Benign Providence!"
It was as if in response to Lingo Dan's devout utterance that the eastern hilltop became at this moment slightly clouded with a fine powdery mist. Then the forms of two persons on horseback appeared upon the slope; it was evident that their ascent of the farther side had been accomplished at a canter. Even at that distance, so clear was the day, the breath from the horses' nostrils could be seen rising about them like a halo. At the first sight of them Lingo Dan, smiling unctuously, said: "Ah, Billy, our prey approaches."
"One:"

"No; there are two of them. They are rid

"One?"

"No; there are two of them. They are riding. One is a man; the other a woman. They are young. Judging by their present lottering and the interest each exhibits in the other, I should say they were lovers."

"No good—they ain 't?" Billy gave the rifle a last victous wipe and laid in upon a shelf. "Haste, my boy, is a dangerous indulgence. I beg to differ; I think we are in particularly good luck. Such shight observance of the ways of my kind as I have been able to take taught me that in certain walksof life a young man never permits himself the company of a young lady without being sure he has money in his pocket. Yonder young man is of that walk in life. There are, you see, so many possibilities, so many contingencies, that to provide one's self with money before providing one's self with a companion is merely to prove one's appreciation of the world we live in; this applies to a ride of an hour as well as to a marriage for life."

Billy was apparently used to such lengthy philosophies, for he replied, as if unconscious of the other's wordy efforts: "Say! How about getting away?"

"Fasy-ridiculously easy. After obtaining

about getting away?"
"Easy—ridiculously easy. After obtainin the reward of our exertions, we drift gently the reward of our exertions, we drift gently down the slope to the railway, and presently, boarding a freight, turn our faces to the Golden West. I have observed a ledge of rock, from which we can easily propel our-selves on to the moving cars while the train is tolling up the steep grade of the cut. We will not be found—if we ever are—cutil many

miles have been traversed; an alibi will be complete."
"But our tracks from here to the cut?" "Billy, you are singularly slow. Do you see that cloud on the horizon? Before night it will snow; out footmarks will be utterly wiped out."

Billy considered a moment. Then he said, triumphantly:
"But the impressions will harden this sur-

"But the impressions will induce this surface; they'll get on to us if ever they sweep away the new fall of snow."

Lingo Dan sbrugged his shoulders.
"Whence the inspiration of that remark I know not. I think you must have been reading Conan Doyle. Well, you can be quite sure that there are no Sherlock Holmes in this rare of the country. Dear me!"

this part of the country. Dear me!"
At this last exclamation Billy looked curious. "What's up?" he asked. For an instant or two Lingo Dan made no For an instant or two Lingo Dan made no reply. He was looking intently at the highway on which the two riders were approaching. In point of fact, the occurrence that attracted his attention was singular enough. As they rode slowly, side by side, down the slope of the road that came to the shanty from the east, the young man's left arm slowly disengaged itself from the reins of his horse and passed behind the waist of his human companion; their bodies and their heads came gently, carefully together; the girl's hand went up to her chin, detaching the veil and relegating it to her forchead, and then her and relegating it to her forehead, and then her arm eneighted the young man; their faces met arm eneighed the young man; their faces met in a kiss. The horses' heads hung down and their feet ambied leisurely; tired after their hill-elimbing canter, they took this respite thankfully enough. It was a kiss that lasted onger than do most kisses; the adventurous

longer than do most kisses; the adventurous circumstances and the perilous nature of their position tended to fill both these riders with the advisability of making the most of bliss; to them the kiss was but an inflatesimal instant of happiness; to any one not concerned in it, its length would have seemed an eternity. All these things the watcher in the cottage observed.

"It is evident," he said, presently, "that this is no ordinary case, They are lovers, but they are also more; they are eloping. This complicates matters. It makes our booty greater, but it increases the him—the difficulty. Yes, I am afraid this will be a difficulty. Yes, I am afraid this will be a-what did we say in the Quadrangle?—a

what did we say in the Quadrangle?—a mauvais quart d'neure."
"What're vou drivin' at?" Billy glowered at his compauion in evident disgust at his high-flown phrases.

"My dear Billy, here are the facts: Two persons, when they clope, are preparing for a future; hence the young man lines his pockets before he starts. He lines his pockets, however, both from without and within. Realizing the risk he is running, he puts pistols in his hip pockets, as well as a purse over his

breast "I reckon that's likely."

"Thank you. Your acquiescence, Billy, soothes a spirit slightly ruffled by the prospect of discourtesy. For, to tell the truth, I fear we shall have to—h'm—silence these two first, and inquire afterward. It would be so infernally unpleasant, you see, if he got the infernally unpleasant, you see, if he drop on us. Understand, then, that not to take risks. You, Billy, will sight for the girl; I'll take the man.

There was a click as Billy sent the hammer of his rifle to thefull cock. Lingo Dan stretched out his long arm, picked up the other weapon and rested the barrel carefully on the window-sill. The riders were quite close to the house,

and the love in the eyes of each shone out with a sort of spiritual brilliance. They leaned together again and joined lips in a ong, delicious kiss.

And while they kissed two shots rang out

on the crystal air.

And old woman living on the outskirts of Libertytown rejoices in the peculiar sobriquet of Mrs. Early Worm. This is, one can only suppose, due to her habit of rising at a most infinitesimal hour, in midwinter as well as in midsammer. As to her reasons for this singular course there is nothing but conjecture. She is said to have driven her husband to an early grave, and then, overcome by remorse, to have sworn to seek none but an early grave herself. However that may be, the things that Mrs. Early Worm saw on the morning of the 20th of February, 189-, are facts, and have nothing to do with the realm of conjec-

spite of its coating of snow, very dark. There was light, to be sure, of that curious indefiwas ight, to be sure, of that curious indem-nite gray that distinguishes the birth of a day in the Winter time. She was proceeding to the woodshed to pick up the usual armful of kindling wood for the kitchen stove, when suddenly shesaid, "Land sakes, what is that?" and stood stockstill in the middle of the yard. What she saw was this: Through the gray dawn light that hung between the earth's white coverlet and the night's flying wings of sable there approached the apparition of two horses and two riders. In the gray haze they norses and two riders. In the gray haze they shone like angels of whitetiess: that was the awful part of it—they were all white! Against the horizon, where night still held sway, their forms were cut as clearly as in ivory. As they came nearer, the old woman, shivering how with cold and fear, observed that one rider was a man, the other a girl. They sat motionless rigid as if curved of marble. They were less, rigid, as if carved of marble. They were covered with frost from head to foot; they were white with the hue of cold. The he

were white with the hue of cold. The horses, as they stepped rhythmically forward, blew out mists of steam that came back to them frozen coatings of ice.

The old woman, with an effort, found energy enough to wrench herself out of the strange, lethargic fascination she had been in. She began to run as fast as her old legs could carry her toward the nearest house, about one hundred yards away.

Presently the entire village was aroused to the presence of this ghastly phenomenon.

Heedless of the terror they occasioned, the horses stepped on with a tired and even gait.

And now it was observed that the riders were linked together, that the two were one, that there was some awful unity of horror. Their axms were intertwined, their faces

Their arms were intertwined, their facouthing. The man's right hand held his horse's reins and a hunting crop, while his left was about the girl's waist; her right was about his shoulders, and her left held the reins. Their shoulders touched. It was as if they were hewn out of one stone.

But there was no breath from their nostrils.

sound, the livery man came out of his office.
He looked in dazed astonishment at these colorless, silent, motionless riders, he notted what no one had yet seem upon the breast of each a crimson stain, not quite hidden by the coating of frost.
'Great God!" he said; "they're stone dead."

The sun, shimmering through the planks of a lumber car, part of a freight train traveling through the farther West, rested for an instant on the eyes of Lingo Dan as he slept the sleep of the careless. Its radiance woke him; he rubbed his eyes, gave Billy a nudge with his elbow, and said: "Hello, Billy; here we are again."

"Oh," grunted Billy, victously, "you be "I admit it, Billy; I probably shall be. What "I admit it, Billy; I probably shall be. What for?" For gross incompetence in judging the idiocy of a man of in love. For I leave it to any one, is it conceivable that any one but a lunntle would start upon a voyage for life with a life companion without a sou in his pocket? A lunntle, Billy, is, as I now see, a simile for a man in love. Billy, when I was at college I played tennis; in tennis love means nothing. It is the same here. Let us go to sleep again. Great Greeley!—without a sou—without a sou!"

Turning over, they went to sleep again.—J. Percival Pollard in San Francisco Argonaut.

Subscribers for The Times pay for the paper. They also purchase of their friends who advertise in The Times.

#### BUSH-BOYS IN AFRICA.

They Sleep In Nests, Live In Sand, and

Would you not think it funny to sleep in est? When I tell you that there are children in the world who really do that, who have slept in nests ever since they were tiny babies, so that if their mothers had ever read "Mother Goose" they might have sung them to sleep with that rhyme of hers:

"Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top, When the wind blows the cradle will rock-"

you will think I am joking; but I assure you am telling you a serious fact. Far away in South Africa these little ones live. They are the children of people who call themselves "Saqua," but "bushmen," or, in the Dutch language, "bos-jesman" is the name white people give them.

When these bushmen live in that part of their country where there are rocks they generally sleep in caves, but there are vast places where there are only wild plains and thickets of mimosa. The bushman travels about a great deal, and wherever he stops for a while outlds himself and his family a sleeping place in this fashion; He pulis down the branche of the mimosa tree, twists them together in to the shape of a great nest, and lines them with hay, wool, dried leaves, feathers, and anything soft he can procure. After awhile nev twigs shoot up and surround it, and there it remains, to be used by him as tong as he chooses. Long rows of these nests for human beings may be found in mimosa thickets. Here the funny little bush baby sits and peeps out until he is able to creep. He is the ugliest baby that any one ever say. Very thick in body, almost square, with a queer, lemon-colored face, and black wool covering his head, which sticks out behind in the shape of a watermeion set down upon its side, and with no forehead to speak of. His face and with no forehead to speak of. His face is like that of the blue monkey, and his eyes are set so far in his head that you cannot see the balls or guess their color. Besides, he is obliged to squeeze them shut most of the time to keep out the sand-flies. However, he can see wonderfully well with them, and when he is a few months old he can crawl about through the yellow sand in which his mother lays him. And when he is a year old he can hunt for edible builts, which he digs out of the sand with his grimy little bands and de-

vours greedily.

Little boys who object to bathing—I never knew a little girl who did—may envy the bush-children when I teil them that they are never washed at all—no Saqua ever takes a bath—water is too scarce—but the carefully and over the carefully all over bath—water is too scarce—but the careful mother greases her children carefully all over their bodies. As they grow older, the children become very thin and begin to have the hideous figures which alternate stuffing and starving give to these savages. Their eyesight is marvelous. With those slits of eyes they can see better than most of us of the western world. As to their hearing, a bush-boy guides himself entirely by his cars in the dark. The rusting of leaves the chirp of boy guides himself entirely by his ears in the dark. The rustling of leaves, the chirp of birds, and the voices of insects all tell him things that they do not tell Europeans. As marvelous as is his sense of smell, yet he is not disgusted by the most abominable stenches, and eats putrid meat and bad eggs of any sort with pleasure.

with pleasure,
When he is old enough to make his own toilet the bush-boy greases himself, never rubbing off any of the applications, but con tinually adding other layers. It is no won-der that his childhood is very short. At eight der that his chadacod is very short. At eight years old he is a grown boy, at fourteen he is in the prime of life, at sixteen or seventeen he begins to wrinkle and shrivel, and when our boys are going to college he looks older than many men in civilized lands do at eighty. When he is about eight years old the boy's ather begins to teach him how to hunt ostriches and get ostrich eggs. Finding the eggs comes first, strange to say. Several os-triches lay their eggs in one nest, which is a hole in the sand, often of enormous size. Os-triches are very timid, and should they see a triches are very timin, and should they see a man approaching at ever so great a distance they would run away, so the bushman makes for binself a hunting dress—the skin of an ostrieh, without the legs—with which he covers his body. He juts this cn his shoulders and rubs his legs with chalk. Then he ders and rubs his egs with chair. Then he takes his tiny, sharp little arrows, the tips of which are always poisoned, and with his bow in his hand hides himself and his son near the ostrich nest. There he waits until sunset, when the parent There he waits until sunset, when the parent birds come home. As they approach he selects the fattest or the one with the hand-somest feathers and shoots. He always kills one bird, but the rest run away. However, this is an egg hunt, for the purpose of giving his son his first lesson, and he is quite content with one fine bird. This secured, they collect the eggs and take them home, and have a second feast for the box such as your mother. the eggs and take them home and have a special feast for the boy, such as your mother might give you when you graduate. After this he sleeps a long time in his mimosa nest, and his next lesson is to hunt ostriches, for which event his father makes him a suit like his own, and he is obliged to learn to run as his own, and he is conge-rapidly as that long-legged bird, which a well-mounted hunter finds it almost impossible to

overtake.

The bush-boy never is taught to till the the ground or raise cattle. He depends upon what the wilderness offers him, eats any beast, bird or insect that he can slay or trap and seems to wish for no better life ho written language, and cannot talk in the dark with his own friends, since gesture is necessary in order to make oneself under-stood among the members of one family of

#### The Times is essentially a home paper Advertisers appreciate the value of a home circulation.

They Abuse the Sex. Father du Bose: Discretion is more neces sary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak

Balzae: During their youth women wish to e treated as divinities; they adore the ideal; hey cannot bear the idea of being what

ature wishes them to be, W. D. Howells: When a woman has expli citiy condemned a given action, she apparently

little different conditions Balzae: A Jesuit the most Jesuitical is still a thousand times less of a Jesuit than the woman the least Jesuitical. Judge, then, how much women are Jesuits. "Ouida": It is woman's way. They always

love color better than form, rhetoric better thanlogic, priesteral better than philosophy, and flourishes better than fucues Balzae: There is one thing admirable in women—they never reason about their blam worthy actions. Even in their dissimulation there is an element of sincerity.

The Times has ten thousand enthusiastic friends. It is already in the families of these

But there was no breath from their nostrils. White as ghosts, still as eternity, they rode on into the heart of the village.

Numb with dread, no one dared approach them. All knew their faces well: no one spoke their names; even curiosity was stifled in the greatness of their terror.

With the resonant clamor of iron shoes upon wood both horses ascended the slight sioping entrance to the livery barn. Roused by the Max Oppenheimer's Expectment in with the choicest wines, liquors, beer, etc. at low prices. Choice restaurant in connection.

# Come Out

An old Utah stageman tells me a story about Crosbie, the man who went insane in Chicago Friday, a low comedian of excellent abilities, although his fame has not penetrated the East.

rated the East.
"Crosbie's life has been a picturesque and "Croshie's life has been a picturesque and romantic one, but full of tragedy, that must, I know, the last time I saw him, ultimately result in what has happened. It was this woman, the daughter of Brigham Young, that the newspapers spoke of. Em Young they called her a long time ago in Salt Lake City, and 'Em Young' meant a good deal that was questionable. She first married a man named Mackintosh. She had such expensive tastes that his small salary as a clerk couldn't pay their bills. There was a divorce on one side, I don't remember which, and soon after Croshie married her. Before this Brigham Young had died, and Em had received several thousand dollars of his property; but she was not satisfied, as others of his heirs were not. Most of his \$4,000,000 went to the church. There was at that time a man named Shaughnessy in Salt Lake, who had come west without a penny and was making a million in three years. He had it nearly made then. He was, in addition to other things, the United States marshal at Salt Lake. He took up the suit of Em. Young and the others against the church, but at the same time stood on in with the 'saints.' He finally got several thousand dollars lars in fees for himself and a few thousand for the heirs. Meanwhile he had run away with Em Young now Em Croshie. He speat romantic one, but full of tragedy, that must, I for the heirs. Meanwhile he had run away for the heirs. Meanwhile he had run away with Em Young, now Em Crosbie. He spent her money and Grosbie's, and then tired of her. Afterward Crosbie took her back. They acted together in the Belin Union variety theater in Salt Lake. Crosbie then was thought to be the best man in his line in the West, and he afterward had the same reputation in a somewhat higher field. But all through his life that the same reputation in a somewhat higher field. But all through his life ing, the daughter of Brigham, dragged

In Phitadelphia the papers have given the warmest commendation to Creston Clarke that any player has received who has attempted "Hamlet" since his uncle, Edwin Booth. This from the Enquirer on his

It is always the same superb and intellectua It is always the same superb and intellectual piece of work, to a large extent original both in conception and execution, and bringing to view all the hidden springs which govern the mind and conduct of the philosophic Frince of Denmark. Mr. Clarke is the only Hamlet living who looks the canracter, and there is a question whether he is not the best exponent of the role on the English-speaking stage to-day. No fault can be found with his bramlet, let the critic look at it from whatever point he may.

One more about Eddie Foy, the apprentice boy, who becomes King of the Cannibals in "Sinbad." He draws \$300 a week. His contract calls for that sum, "drunk or sober," which means that they like him so much that even "in his gayer hours," which some one says are frequent, his salary goes on.

Speaking of "Robin Hood," it is ten to one that half of those who have heard the opera have no notion but that the "Churning song" in the first act is sung by Annabel. As a matter of fact it is Maid Marion who sings it, having disguised herself as a milkmaid in order to spy upon the Sheriff. This mistake on the part of a large portion of the audience

on the part of a large portion of the audience is a natural one and arises from the faulty construction of the opera in not preparing sufficiently for the episode.

The few words of preparation are so placed as not to excite attention. This is perhaps a small fault in a light opera, where the plot is decidedly a secondary consideration. Unfortunately such constructive weaknesses are a noticeable feature of most of the plays of the day. Nothing so betrays the hand of the tyro at play-writing, and nothing is more irritating to the auditor. Instead of making the entrance the logical outcome, or rather in-come, of the previous action, resort is had to some hackneyed phrase:

"But I hear approaching footsteps; it must be the walking gentleman."

The superstition of members of the pro-

The superstition of members of the pro-fession is proverbial. Many a prominent actor or actress is the careful treasurer of some knick-knack or other, a wig, pin, or coin, which is supposed to bring good for-tune. Miss Reid, the charming prima donna of the Bostonians, is the possessor of a talis-man in the shape of a diamon't cross, from which she never parts and which may be seen gleaming in her nair in the third act of "Robin Hood." This bit of jewelry has some-thing of a history. It was one of a quantity thing of a history. It was one of a quantity of diamond oranments found among the effects of John D. Grady, the greatest "fence" who ever strode the Bowery. Grady in his day was a character well-known to the New York police, and was said to have been the originator of the famous robbery of the Mandaton Rank This security of the Mandaton Ra hattan Bank. This sensational crime is the one upon which is founded the central epi-sode of Julian Hawthorne's story—The Great Hank liobbery. Grady's death was shrouded in mystery. In the story he is said to have been poisoned by a woman. There are other accounts, and there is a man who is often seen about New York at the present seen about New York at the present time who is believed by many to be Grady's murderer. At any rate, after his death a claim was made that certain jewelry, among it the diamond cross in question, which was found in his safe, was held by him simply as an accommodation for its real owners. Suit was begun, and year after year dragged through the courts, interrupted from time to time by the death of litigant or lawyer. A spell seemed to rest upon the sub-ject matter of the contest which exercised a fatal influence over those engaged in it, and on attorney after another took up the case, only to be stricken with iliness and death. After a considerable period of inaction a young inwyer became interested in the matter, and after uch searching through mouldy documents and records succeeded in bringing the suit to a final issue. His success had like to have cost a final issue. His success had like to have cost him dear, however, and it was only after a hard struggle with the serious illnesswhich attacked him immediately upon the termination of the suit that he escaped death. The diamond cross having been presented to him as a souvenir of the ease, he in turn gave it to its present owner, of whom he had for some time been an admirer. This disposition seems to have been a fortunate one as, whatever may have been the malevolent influence of the cross in the past, for Miss Reid it has proved nothing but a mascot. proved nothing but a mascot,

I find in our London dramatic and musical etter several interesting stories about women playrights and players.

Two of the plays which are in rehearsal for immediate production at West End theatres immediate production at West End theatres are by ladies, both very distinguished to other branches of literature. Mr. Hare is bringing out at the Garriek theater a play by Mrs. Fletcher, who is better known under ner pseudonym of George Fieming. Mr. Wyndham is producing at the Criterion un adaptation by Lady Violet Greville of the "Genuro de Monsieur Poirier" under the title of "An Aristocratic Alliance." Aristocratic Alliance,

Aristocratic Alliance."

"Yach disappointment has been caused by Miss Ada Rhean's refusal, on the score of ill health and continued rehearsing, to be present at a dinner which it was proposed to give in her honor by a number of women of literary and dramatic celebrity in London, among whom were Lady Jenne, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. George Alexander, Mrs. Henry Labouchere, Mrs. Isaac Henderson, Miss Geneview Ward, Mrs. Delarne and Mrs. Oscar Beringer.

Mrs. Oscar Barrett is busy engaged in making the preliminary arrangements for transporting the Lycean Cinderella Company to America. They sail on the American liner Berlin, which leaves England on the 31st The exact numerical strength of the party

ins not yet been decided, but the greater part of the chorus will certainly be taken. Mr. Barrett will travel with the company and will be accompanied by his wife. One of the new members is Mr. Seymour Hicks, recently married to Miss Etaline Terriss, the charming heroine of "Cinderelia" one of the wicked as

ried to Miss Eiuline Terriss, the charming heroine of "Cadereila," one of the wicked asters, a part vacated by Mr. Victor Stevens.

The Avenue Theater, which has remained closed since the Kendals left for America after their last Loudon season, has been leased by Miss Florence Farr, or rather by a syndicate of which she is the representative, for the production of Dr. John Foothunter's new play, "A Comedy of Sighs," If the alterations now being made in the theater are completed in time, which, however, ssems more than doubtfut, this modern comedy of manners will appear at the end of the current month. The cast is not particularly strong. "A Comedy of Sighs," will be preceded by a one-act play, "The Land of Heart's Desire," by Mr. W. B. Yeats, the young Irish poet, and a great friend of Mr. Andrew Lang. It treats of an incident taken

from the folk lore of Ireland, and the period is the latter part of the eighteenth century. Mr. Todhunter lives at Chiswick, at which he is sometimes called the Sage.

In "Black Cat," produced not long since at the Independent Theater, he proved himself to be in close touch with the thought of the day and able to express his ideas in terse, epigrammatic language. Miss Florence Farr first became known in London, when she appeared at the Vaudeville in Ibsen's "Rosmersholm."

shoim."

Mrs. Clements Scott, it is generally known, is an actress of no mean order. Before her marriage with the dramatic critic she was well known as a prominent member of the Busy Bees and other dramatic societies. In early youth she received the gold medal for general qualifications at the London Academy of Music. Mrs. Scott occasionally recites for charities, and at an entertainment which has just been given in behalf of the unemployed she delivered a specially-written poem by her husband with great beauty of voice and charm of diction.

Dear little Miss Reid, as Priscilla, and Hoff, as John Alden, sing the prettiest song in "The Maid of Plymouth" in the first act, with nice spinning-wheel business for accompaniment. Turn my wheel, and in thy turning Strive my future to reveal

Turn my wheel, and in thy turning
Strive my future to reveal.
Fan the spark of hope that's burning;
From my heart no thought conceal.
Spin, spin on, and in thy spinning
Weave one hope, if only one.
Surely loving can't be sinning;
Spin, spin on my wheel, spin on. This sad heart of mine is pining
For one word from him I love;
For the star of hope now shining
Far away from us above.

"The success or failure of a piece is all a ottery," remarked a member of a leading opera troupe the other day in allusion to the triumphal career of 'Robin Hood.' "Neither composer, nor critics, nor the singers themseives have much idea as to whether a new opera is going to 'enteh on' or not. One which is liked by the singers and considered by them to be full of musical merit will often fall flat, while another not so well thought of will prove a bonanza,'

All this is so well known as to amount almost to a truism. No one could have predicted that this particular opera, "Robin Hood, would have such a phenomenal success. Those who had heard it rehearsed many times before it was given to the public did not regard its chances of long life remarkably good. But it turned out to be one of the greatest hits of the decade, and it seems now as if its drawing powers are inexhaustible. Of course, much has been added to it in the way of business since it was just given, and this has probably helped to continue its popularity. In fact, a piece which enjoys a good run usually becomes better as it goes on, gathering bits of witty dialogue and perhaps a new songster or two. But after all it is the public that decides whether or not the opera shall reach this state of meilow maturity, and no one can foretell what the All this is so well known as to amount decision will be. naturity, and no one can foretell what the

The Ogallallas Outbreak. LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 24 .- Mr. Young E. Allison, of this city, who wrote the libretto of the opera. "Ogalialias," was seen last night in regard to the dispatch from Washington. the regard to the dispatch from washington. Heretofore there has been no expianation of it whatever. He thought that the suit was probably in regard to some other opera as the copyright to the "Ogalialias" was secured some time ago. He said that the Bostonians had had the opera for over two years. In conclusion, Mr. Allison said:

"If those fellows can show that it is their opera, then we'll hand it over to them. If it suits them better than it does us they can take it."

The Richard Brinsley Sheridan Dramatic Company, which has been doing amateur Iramatics at the National Rifle's Hall during the winter, under the auspices of the Fifth Bat-talion, D. C. N. G., and for the benefit of the "Charity Fund" of Phil Kearney Camp No. 15, Sons of Veterans, will bring its initial year to a close on Aprill 17. The next perform-ance is scheduled for March 30, at which time the company presents "The Prospector" a stirring play of western life, written especially for the "Sheridans" by their enterprising manager, Mr. Otto L. Suess.

Charles L. Davis with "Alvin Joslin," the 'honest farmer" play, will be at Harris' thenter this week Davis is a well-known and successful player, and the favor with which his "Alvin Joslin" has been received in other cities is almost phenomenal. The play is strong, and the scenery of an elaborate de-

### How Mrs. Yang Appears In Her Legation Home.

The Chinese are notorious the world over for their conservative ways, but the present minister from the celestial empire seems to still, while his wife has made some incursions into society, she is far from enjoying the freedom of our women, and for the spouse of such an illustrious official to be nterviewed is something almost unknown.

Mrs. Yang has made several acquaintances among the ladies here and she has taken a great fancy to Mrs. Gresham and Mme. Romero, wife of the Mexican minister, Direct appeals to the legation were useless, so through the kind offices of Mme. Romero Mrs. Yang kindly consented to see a visitor this week. The Chinese Legation is a brown stone building out on the breezy hills near Calumet place, and the mansion has an imposing air of solid comfort and elegant luxury. Strange to say, the butler is an Irish-

Within doors one finds unmistakable signs of the Orient, for in the pretty pariors are many of the quaint screens and gorgeous hangings that came from the land of the dragon. But the furniture is all of American style and make.

The first to appear was a young person who glided softly into the room, his slender form gowned in dark silken robes and padded shoes, making no sound on the deliente carpet. This gentleman was one of the secreteries of the legation, who is attending school in town, and who acts as interpreter.

In town, and who acts as interpreter.

Presently Mrs. Yang appeared and a truly duzzling vision of Easter loveliness she must have made as she stood at the arch doorway. Surely such a picture of gorgeousness was never before seen except on some rich Chinese face. A robe of silk embroidered with small flowers and birds reached from her neck to her time for the black was combad. to her tiny feet, the black hair was combed back from a waxen lace where paint made a vivid blush on the plump checks and even around the aimond eyes. And to erown it was a heavy round cap decorated with jewels and from which gay ribbons streamed down behind. On each side of the head, just above the ear, were two bouquets of artificial flow-ers, standing straight out in front and flow-ing as any bue of the rainbow. Mrs. Yang does not speak English herself, so the conversation was carried on by means of an in-

terpreter,
She expressed herself as very much pleased with Washington and the ladies she has me here and thinks their deess very becoming Mrs. Yang, when questioned as to the women of China, said there were no Chriswomen of china, said there were no caris-tians amongst the bigh-class Chinese and it was not likely Christianity would spread in China. Of American customs she did not propose adopting all, but would take part in asmall way in social life next Winter. Women in her country did not go on the street alone except to Joss houses (church), and their she plans was done by mean of sevents and

shopping was done by means of servants and samples from the stores.

Rank in China is divided into nine classes, each denoted by a button. The present Minister belongs to the second rank, which is shown by a bright red button worn as the second rank. which is shown by a bright red button worn on the cap. There are several small children, and presently two tiny tots trotted into the parlor, decked in long brocaded robes and crowned with gorgeous caps of flowing ribbons. There are two apiece, a man and a woman, for each nurse's child. These women have tiny feet, like those one sees in pictures, but they manage to waddle around pretty lively.

lively.

Mrs. Yang talks but little, and has ex tremely quiet ways, sitting with her hands in her lap and scarcely raising her brown eyes. But she has made rapid progress in our ways, and is now studying English

#### Advertised by Loving Friends.

[From the Roanoke Times.] THE WASHINGTON TIMES, the new morning faily which started so auspiciously on Sun day morning, has just come to hand among our exchanges, and if it keeps up its comnendable features it will be one of the most welcome publications to our table. THE Times' general manager is Herbert J. Browne. formerly general manager of the Roanoke Times, and subsequently holding a very re sponsible position on the Washington Post. He is a very capable and efficient newspaper man and we wish him success in his new un dertaking. Marshall Cushing, another very bright Washington journalist, is in editorial charge of the new publication. The TIMES is a four page, seven column paper of the neatest typographical appearance. It is run upon operative plan, having about 4,000

Evidence of Literary Skill.

[From the Lynchburg Advance.1 This is the name of a new daily which it is owned and issued by a joint stock company, Marshali Cushing editor, H. J. interest in the venture, and it starts out with the good will of all the labor organizations. The general make-up of Tun Trues is in the best style of typographical art, while its contents give evidence of literary skill and reportorial activity. The price is only one cent per copy, five cents for the Sunday issue. The Times starts out with brfiliant prospects.

> Chock Full of the Latest News. (From the National View.)

This bright, newsy paper mades its appearance Sunday morning, March 18, 1894. It is printed on good paper. The typographical work is perfect. It is chock full of the latest news, all for one cent week days and five cents for the Sunday edition. The genwith Mr. Marshall Cushing as editor-in-chief and Mr. Emory Foster

Very Bright and Readable.

The State is giad to welcome to its exchange ist The Washington Times, a new morning paper, the publication of which was begun mday in the Capital city. It is a very bright excellent work.

Likens It to the Sun. Washington Correspondent Scranton Index, Or-gan of the Catholic Total Abstinence Association in the East ]

This city has been a bugaboo to the project ors of newspaper enterprises, and gained the unenviable reputation of being a newspaper graveyard. The collapse of nearly every newspaper, however, can be traced to the fact that it was not foot-loose in either its news or editorial department. The newspaper reader here is about the same as in every intelligent community-he wants the best return he can get for his money. This consideration is now in the market in the shape of THE WASH-INOTON TIMES, which was brought to life last Sunday in the form of eight pages, replete with clean, erisp news, written up in a style like unto the New York Sun in the days gone by when Editor Dana's paper was considered the perfection of the profession of journalism. THE TIMES will be published daily and cost a penny. It is controlled by the printers and managed by H. J. Browne, one of the brightest newspaper writers of the country.

Terse and Vigorous.

[From the Titusville Herald.] Marshall Cushing, who is the editor of Tax Times, Washington's new daily newspaper, was private secretary to the Postmaster Gen ern! He subsequently became the editor of be rapidly adopting American customs, a bright Washington publication called the Capital. Mr. Cushing was for many years a Washington correspondent for a New York newspaper and commands a terse, vigorous style, supplemented with a ready fund of humor. He is thoroughly acquainted with affairs at Washington and amply competent to direct the policy of an influential capital daily.

Strictly a Newspaper,

(From the Laurel Journal 1 THE WASHINGTON TIMES, a morning daily, made its bow to the newspaper public last Sunday morning. While established by the tabor interests of Washington and published under their auspices, the new journal will be strictly a newspaper. Its initial number promises much for the future, and there is every reason to believe that THE TIMES will receive the liberal support of the Washington public and become a journal of deserved standing.

Shows Unmistakable Talent.

[From Progress.] THE WASHINGTON TIMES, a new daily and Sunday paper, made its initial bow to an expectant public Sunday. So far as Progress can learn all expectations have been fully realized, as it showed artististic typographical ability and unmistakable journalistic talent. It has owners enough alone to support it and will no doubt attain the success it deserves,

All Right on the News.

(From the New Bedford Journal.) THE WASHINGTON TIMES is the name of a ew morning newspaper at the capital. It is edited by Marshall Cushing, formerly of Boston. With Cushing for its editor Tun Times cannot fail to be a success. It is all right on the news also, having the service of the Asso ciated Press.

Hopes It May Succeed. [From the Lowell Times.]

Marshall Cushing, well known as formerly

city editor of the Globe, has started a new paper in Washington, THE TIMES. Here's hoping it may succeed. The Press of the Country Watching. [From the Goshen (Ind.) Times.]

May it succeed in every direction; the press

of the country is watching with more than

lournalistic interest. [From the National Union Printer.] THE WASHINGTON TIMES IS DOTH. Already it is known to be a success. What city is next

Will the People Stand by It.

out.

Well, the new paper that I spoke of last reck, THE WASHINGTON TIMES, is out and it is reprinting a great many editorial and personal puffs of itself, which ought to make THE TIMES people feel very well satisfied. It is selling 15,000 papers every day or sometimes 16,000, and there is a prosperous-looking rush in the business office, I wonder now if it will go? Will some of the monopolies gobble it up or will all the good

matter of business to themselves, I mean as a matter of protection, too, to an attractive and chirpy little advocate that doesn't propose to be buildozed, especially against the inmost interests of its readers. Will all these thousands of us, who think we have a right to a living, back up the enterprise with our ennies? We will, I think, so long as THE Trues shows that it has a conscience and that it doesn't care for consequences,

And Something More Than That.

Organized labor has a new organ in Washington city, THE WASHINGTON TIMES. Marshall Cushing, a brilliant newspaper man, is its editor.

Mentioned in Minneapolis.

[From the Minneapolis Journal.]
Marshall Cushing, the editor-in-chief of the ew morning daily which has just been launched on the uncertain sea of Washington. was always an original kind of a chap, and this paper is but an evidence of it. Cushing stockholders interested in its future pros- was born about 33 years ago in the perity. THE ROANORE TIMES extends it most | nristogratic little town of Hingham, just south hearty good wishes to its Washington name- of Boston, on the shore of Massachusetts bay, From Exeter he went to Harvard, where he became at once popular with the best elements and identified himself with college journalism. He was one of the founders of of the Daily Echo, a frequent conmade its first appearance last Sunday. It tributor to the Advocate, and later connected with the Harvard Dally Herald, the successor of the Echo, and the Browne general manager. About 4,000 the successor of the Echo, and the men and women have a direct pecuniary feature of the news of the world summarized. feature of the news of the world summarized and to display real newspaper enterprise, even to publishing its circulation, which grow to nearly ,000 a day. Graduating in the class of '83, Cushing followed his natural bent and for several years worked on the staff of the Boston Globe, first as a desk man and subsequently as night editor. . . If there is ny possibility of the success of such a papea, all who know him feel confident that THE WASHINGTON TIMES WIll be a money maker and a unique and influential factor in Washington journalism.

Furnishes an Opportunity.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

A new daily paper has been started in Washington with the avowed purpose of aiding the muse of labor. This is not an uncommon eral manager is Mr. H. J. Browne, task for a newspaper to madertake, but The Washington Times occupies an unusual position, in that its capital stock is largely held city editor, the staff are all experienced news- by laboring men, more than 4,000 stockholders paper workers, and from the appearance of being represented on its books. It has an Asthe first number of THE TIMES is destined to sociated Press service, which, of course, intake high rank as a daily paper. We cannot sures it the telegraphic news in full, and It exactly say just what the polities of this new | has a bright and capable man for editor in paper, is but as a co-operative venture it not- | the person of Marshall Cushing. The paper urally belongs to the great mass of the peo- will furnish opportunity for the working people to show that they will support a paper avowedly published in their interests.

Has Not Forgotten How to Hustle.

[From Daily America.]
John H. Roche, who had charge of the porting end of the Washington Post for sevral years, has severed his connection with and readable journal, well edited, and full of that paper and has accepted a similar position on the new one-cent paper just started in Washington. It is called THE WASHINGTON TIMES. John made the Washington Post's sporting page a sucess. As he has not yet forgotten how to hustle" for news and has more friends in that section of the country than any two other sporting reporters. THE WASHINGTON Times is to be congratulated on securing his

No Chromo Schemes In It.

VASHINGTON TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY: Please send me your paper, daily and Sunday. I carnestly hope you will succeed in giving us a good morning paper, and congratulate you that thus far, at least, there appears to be no bieyele, art portfolio, picture, r patent medicine scheme in it.

Yours truly, A. G. KNAPP. 4365 H NORTHWEST, CITY, March 22, 1894. A. G. KNAPP.

Other Opinions of 'The Times.', Francis J. O'Neili-May all success ba yours. Hon. Tom Johnson-"THE TIMES is all

Hon, J. C. Beil-I am glad to see that Tuz Traces is going on space. Lieut, Reed, of Revenue Marine-Tur Trurs

and I are now nequainted. Edward H. Allen-I wish THE TIMES all J. M. Brown-I like your paper and will

add to its success by adding my mite. H. B. MacFarland-I subscribed to Turn Traces yesterday at sight. Who would .: t? Commissioner Powell-"I will repeat my ssertion that THE TIMES will succeed, and

Secretary Tindall, District Commissioners' ffice-Put me down as a subscriber. The Traces meets with a favorable reception down John W. Ross-I congratulate you upon the

success of The Times, which seems to be as-

will add that it is succeeding rapidly."

sured. Please have a copy of it delivered Major Moore says: "All departments of the city government are benefited by the criticism. I believe THE TIMES will be a good paper. I hope it will keep up its present

record." Henry George, jr .- I am astonished to see that appearance that the great mass of papers get only with time; that is, thoroughness in covering news and the presence of a multitude of snappy paragraphs. I wish you long

Subscribers for The Times pay for the paper. They also purchase of their friends who advertise in The Times.

Giving a Show at Laurel,

The Carroll Institute Dramatic Club will play an engagement in Laurel, Md., on Teesday night. The east includes Miss Helene Lackaye, a sister of William Lackaye, Mr. Ed. Mitchell is managing the venture. He has had a large stage appearance, and is thoroughly acquainted with its business end.

The Times is rapidly winning its way into the family. Take this copy home.

Four Funny Ones. Five-year-old-Papa, buy me that cake. "I can't afford it." "Then why did you get married?"-Fliegende Blatter. Fweddy (lighting a cigarette)-You-aw-

don't mind my smoking, do you? Stranger-Not at all, sir; I work in a gine factory.-Chieago Trioune.

Even,—Miss Fitz—Very well, I shall sue you for a breach of premise. Jack Inabox—Go ahead; I shall sue you for slander for saying I proposed to you.—Tit-Bits.

Taking a Mean Advantage.—"What do you do when your wife gets at you for coming home later" asked the first deaf and dumb "Turn out the gas," returned the other man. '-

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